Learn to Swim in Fresh Water, Advises Dougherty

Former Deputy Police Commissioner Gives Advice to Those Who Can and Those Who Cannot Swim

SOME DON'TS FOR SWIMMERS.

Don't show off.
Don't hesitate about going in.
Don't dive in two feet of water.
Don't go in just after eating.
Don't wear a tight bathing suit.
Don't stay under water too long.
Don't stay in after you get a chill.
Don't go in swimming more than once a day.
Don't lose time in learning to swim if you don't know how.
Don't forget that it is safer to swim along shore.
Don't bury yourself in hot sand and then plunge into the cold sea.

EVERY boy and girl should learn to swim. The art is easy to acquire and childhood is the right time to begin its study. If not learned then it may never be learned. The beaches are crowded with men and women who cannot swim simply because they were not taught in childhood. They thus miss one of the pleasantest and most beneficial forms of exercise, the mastery of which may some day mean the saving of life.

Two hours instruction in swimming every day for a week is all that is needed. And it is best to take lessons from a professional teacher. Many persons think they can get the strokes without such aid. They depend on a friend to hold them up in the water, and thus buoyed they attempt the strokes as they imagine they should be made or as they are told to make them. While this is better than not learning at all it is by no means so satisfactory as taking a few lessons from an expert and thus acquiring a thorough understanding of the various strokes and how to make them rhythmically.

Many children dread the water because they have had some unfortunate experience in it at an early age. Ducking, for instance, has made cowards of would-be swimmers. Many a boy of 10 or 12 who has suddenly and unexpectedly been thrown off a boat or pier by experimental parents or friends who wished him to learn to swim at once has never overcome his fear of the water.

At the watering places on the coast of France children are taught to swim by sun shrivelled baigneuses. These are old women with arms like branches of gnarled oak and faces like hickory nuts, who spend their summers holding squirming and shrieking children in water which reaches up to the waist and counting "One, two, three" to the panic-stricken motions of their charges. Garbed in blue jersey, kerchief and full blue skirt, stockings and wooden shoes, they torture their little victims, at so much an hour, and heeding not the cries of terror and fury, carry them out into the water.

Here the baigneuse lifts the child by the waistband of his suit and plumps him face downward into the water. He shrieks with terror, not daring to ask mercy of the bronze witch face above. Knowing he has nothing to hope from the greenish element beneath, he spurns, swallows quantities of water and finally resigns himself to the compelling rhythm "One, two, three," with an accent on the one. This goes on for a week or two if the child is slow and dull and afraid; then one gloriously calm day some one commands the witch face to let the little one go.

"Let him go. Now swim out to me, dear."

A frenzied voice calls the child and the best loved face looks at him five strokes away across the expanse of little ripples. Can he do it? The grasp at the waistband, so long a nuisance, now the only safety, relaxes. The little ripples look mountain high, but there are the dear arms waiting. The child takes the stroke and vows to himself he will never swim again. The water is sticking him down. Another stroke. This is not a ripple, this is a wave. A third stroke and he has breasted the wave. Hurrah! he is now master of his fate and a swimmer.

Frenzied shouts. Flags seem to be flying. The ripples dance. Even the wooden faced baigneuse expresses joy. The little boy is carried to the beach in triumph and thenceforth delights in the water.

Swimming may be learned in a bedroom. Even if you never go near a beach the exercise is healthful. As to the method of exercise, here it is:

Stand firmly on your feet, with your hands upon your hips. First comes the leg movement. Raise the left knee, directing it sideways, the heel of the left foot touching the inside of the right knee with the toes pointing to the floor. Now straighten your left leg and lower it by a backward curved movement until the toes touch the floor one pace to the left. In the next movement you draw the left foot along the floor and smartly close the leg. Then you put your right leg through precisely the same motions.

Now for the arm movement. At the same time that you perform the movement of the left leg you raise your arms, extending them forward from the elbow, shooting the hands forward, with arms extended and directed slightly upward, thumbs touching, with the palms turned downward and the head slightly back. Then sweep your arms out in a quarter curve right and left until they are in line with each other, backs of the hands turned slightly toward the front.

Then bring your elbows to the sides of the body and bring your hands to the sides of the chest slightly to the front; close your fingers and point them to the front, palms to the floor and thumbs apart. Then shoot both hands forward to the full reach of the arms and slightly upward, thumbs touching, palms to the floor, the head slightly backward.

In your third movement you combine all these movements. During the exercise keep your lungs well filled with air.

For those who can and those who can't swim George S. Dougherty, formerly Second Deputy Police Commissioner, gives some valuable advice. Mr. Dougherty is noted for his zero weather plunges into the surf at Brighton Beach. When the temperature is high as well as when the mercury is at the freezing point he is in the water. He is an expert swimmer His advice on the subject follows:

"Never go in the water for at least an hour after eating. After an hour has elapsed, however, swimming is the most healthful of exercises, as it starts the blood circulating, thus strengthening the muscles in a dual fashion.

"If the novice cannot begin lessons with the support of a belt suspended from a trolley the best substitute is a row of corks fastened about the waist. Some support is requisite to gain sufficient confidence to begin the strokes with any degree of earnestness.

"Although it is more difficult to learn to swim in fresh water, I should advise it, for the following reasons: If you can once swim in fresh water you can manage your strokes anywhere, while in salt water you can without any distinct method or stroke soon learn to keep your head above water and paddle about to your satisfaction, but in a manner so unscientific that if once tried in fresh water it would furnish immediate and active employment for members of the life saving corps.

"For the person who desires to become a graceful and fearless swimmer I would suggest the following rules

"There are four arm and four leg motions which are entirely distinct and are first tried separately and then practised in combination during each lesson.

"Divide your time as follows: Ten minutes for practising the arm motions, ten for the legs and ten in combination. Do not remain in the water after the half hour is exhausted until able to swim briskly.

"In the first arm position the body lies in the water perfectly straight, the legs and feet together on a parallel line with the arms, which are extended out directly from the shoulders, palms of hands together and head slightly elevated.

"Between the first and second motion, or arm strokes, the arms describe a circle until extended straight from the sides. The hands rest flat on the water. The legs are in the original position throughout the series of arm movements.

"For the second arm stroke the arms are thrust down into the water until the hands meet under the body, palms together.

"In the third motion the arms are brought to the surface, elbows close to the sides and hands together, pointing straight ahead from under the chin.

"The fourth motion is the thrusting of the hands, still together, forward in the water, which straightens the elbows and brings the swimmer back to position No. 1.

"Arm position No. 1 is held throughout the first practising of the leg strokes, and the starting position of the leg movements is the one given in the first rule, namely legs extended in a straight line with the body, feet close together.

"The second leg motion consists in pulling the knees up close to the abdomen, still keeping the knees and feet close together.

"In the third stroke the legs describe a half circle out sideways, thrusting back the water and throwing the body forward.

"The fourth stroke finishes the circle by bringing the legs together in a line with the spine and then back to the original position.

"Following a ten minutes practice of first the arm and then the leg motions the strokes are combined in what to the beginner seem ten minutes of hopeless entanglement of the entire anatomy. For at first it is impossible to combine the stroke with any degree of mathematical accuracy."

Soldiers of Fortune

SILENTLY the steamer slipped over the starlit waters, Momotombo's plume of steam 6,000 feet above us. The pier we were to take was hidden in the blackness ahead. Every light aboard was doused, for we had no wish to make a show of ourselves.

Then somebody opened the fire doors under the boilers. A plume of sparks flew from the smokestack and lit the boat brightly and a hundred men on deck swore, not too softly.

Answer came in a flash from the black shore ahead of us. Bang! came the bark of a field gun. A rosy spark boring its way through the night passed over our heads and on into the night and lake.

"Turn around, captain! Turn quick, and go back!"

So our brave Colombiano General in command; a patriot for Nicaragua and 300 pesos a month.

Pray, don't imagine that he was scared. He wouldn't endanger his men out there on the water; the enemy on firm land and beyond reach of machetes, No. He boldly stood grasping the rail, and if his arm fairly shook me as we were crowded against each other it was no doubt because he trembled with bold ardor.

At least I couldn't see that he changed color. But then, I never saw an ace of clubs change color. Still, there's a difference in blacks. The General's shade was the shinier of the two in the light from our plumes of sparks.

"Go back, captain, to a thousand meters!" the General ordered again, but with no very great authority of tone.

"You go to thunder!" Capt. Tooth blurted with what seemed to me an approach to bluntness. "Isn't there a man aboard who'll take a crack at them chaps ashore?"

The commanding General walked aft. A gringo civilian said:

"Hold her as she goes, Cap. I'll try a shot."

He dropped to the main deck, sighted the little beauty of a breechloader and jerked the lanyard. A shell strolled shoreward, struck and broke in many pieces. A locomotive on the pier vomited burning sparks and rumbled away from there. The natives who were the crew of the gun dipped coffee sacks in a bucket of water and laid them on the gun.

"Get out of this with your dishrag! What d'ye mean! Give me that shell, pronto!" yelled that mad gringo, jerking the sacks overboard and snatching the shell.

Half a dozen other shells went ashore and smashed themselves to ruins, one going through the planking of the motor boat of which the rebels proposed to make a man-o'-war to take Managua.

Then that intrusive gringo hunted up the commanding General and asked:

"Why not land now and take the place?"

But he ordered the expedition to return to Managua. He wouldn't risk his brave men by a night attack. They might run into ambush under fire of our gun.

The General retired from the service, and the 300 pesos, the next day. So a soldier of fortune was lost to the cause of the Government. But the account was balanced that very day, for that gringo, beguiled by an offer from the President and the taste he had had of war, became a soldier of fortune.

Members of life-saving corps in distance race.
Centre—Nellie Bartilles in ninety-foot dive.
Top—Many accidents are caused by fancy feats of amateurs.

In Quarantine—A Story by Raymond Macdonald Alden

Continued from Twelfth Page.

In Which the Author Tells of One Way Out of a Yellow Fever Camp in Mississippi

—her voice came like a low flute—"that wants me to ma'y him. I've known him all my life. I neveh promised to, but I did say I wouldn't take anybody else without lettin him know."

"Well, you can let him know the first minute we get home."

"He's up N'th now. It don't seem quite doin' fai' by him."

He paused. This situation was a little more complicated than he could have foreseen; but it was no time to falter.

"This is all out o' the ordinary here," he said, "in quarantine. It ain't like other times—it's what you might call an emergency, Sadie. I don't think anybody could blame you—that is, providin' you suit yourself. But if you like him better'n you do me——"

"Oh, no; I don't reckon I do."

"Then it's a bargain." He took her hand, which lay between them on the grass, and squeezed it obscurely. He could not offer to kiss her, for others were now moving about near them, waiting for breakfast. Instead he proceeded to the business before them.

"Now, here's the c'tif'cate, Sadie. It reads 'Thomas H. Walton'—that's me; you'll have to learn to call me Tom. Now, of course, I can't promise just how things are goin' at train time, but I have an idea it'll be all O. K., and I'll tell you why. The inspector that passes folks out to the railroad when their time's up wasn't on duty yesterday; I happened to notice he changed off with one of the other men. So he didn't see you and your brother come in. An' I've no reason to suppose that he knows how Tom Walton ought to look. So we'll all go to the gate together and your brother can slip through. Tell him the Waltons was a good family once; he needn't be ashamed of the name."

"I must go and tell him about it right away," she said, rising.

"Wait a minute. Don't you want to give me that blue ring to remember you by and to kind of bind our bargain? I haven't got anythin' on my side just at present, 'ut I'll send you one as soon as I get out of here. Waitin' here in camp is goin' to be rather lonesome after you're gone an' I think somethin' of yours like that would hearten me up."

She looked down at the ring an instant—it bore a forget-me-not set with four little turquoises—then drew it off her finger.

"My motheh gave it to me," she said. "I should like it back mighty well, if—you shouldn't come."

His face shadowed. "I guess you don't think that of me. I ain't got any doubts of you. I'll be there quick enough—unless I should get the fever, which ain't likely. An' if I do I'll pull through. They can't kill me—not with this ring on, anyhow." He looked down at her with his more natural roguish face again.

She smiled back quickly, then ran off to find her brother, while Walton with some difficulty fitted the ring to his smallest finger.

For the rest of the day he saw but little of her, for to be alone with her in camp was impossible, and it was a part of his policy to keep out of observation, since most of his fellow refugees knew that he had expected to leave on the afternoon train. So he withdrew to his tent not long after breakfast and snatched only a few minutes for conversation at the begining and the end of the dinner hour.

In the tent it was very hot again, but he sat it out quietly. Simmons was there with him, feeling too miserable to-day to leave his bed. As the hours wore on it was evident that Walton was doing some pretty hard thinking; he was not so utterly serene as in the morning. Occasionally he looked at his tentmate as if wondering whether he might confide in him, and at last he spoke.

"I say, Jack, I want to ask you something. If you was to find a man stuck in a bad place in the road and you offered to get him out if he'd swap horses with you instead of gettin' him out first and talkin' about it afterward, what would you think of yourself?"

"I'd think I was a muckeh," said Jack promptly.

"An' suppose you let on at the same time that your horse was just a little better than it was?"

The boy turned over on his cot and looked at Walton.

"What you afteh, anyhow?" he said. "You nor I wouldn't do such a thing; no mo' would anybody wuth a place on God's earth."

"You can't be sure," Walton answered slowly. "You never know till the time comes. If 'twasn't for that nobody wouldn't ever get hung."

With that he rose from his own cot and tied his handkerchief about his neck in readiness to go out. "I'll see you later, Jack," he said.

"You're comin' back befo' train time? You haven't got your coat."

"I'm coming back either first or last," said Walton.

The crowd was beginning to gather near the gate for the daily excitement of train time, some carrying their bags and wearing eager faces, others looking on with envy more or less concealed. Walton found Sadie and her brother waiting at the house entrance, and at once motioned her to come with him around the corner, where they could be unobserved.

"I've been thinkin' some more," he said at once. "And I don't have half as good an opinion of myself as I did this mornin'. I'm goin' to call it off, Sadie, an' give you back your ring."

Her face was frightened like a child's.

"And we—my brotheh has to stay out this time?"

"Oh, no—I didn't mean that. He can have my c'tif'cate all right. But I didn't do the square thing in makin' a bargain about it."

"But I—I don't mind," she said.

"No, I know you didn't, but that don't make no difference. Here in this camp you might well think I was a pretty good sort, compared with the crowd that's here, especially since we'd got to be friends when you was needin' friends. But up at your place I might look different—with that other fellow there, too. I want to look him straight in the face when I see him an' tell him I didn't take no mean advantage of him. So I'm goin' to wait an' try it up there; and then if you say you'll marry me, it's a sure thing. Here's your ring, Sadie, an' you understand I'm givin' your brother my pass free gratis. I guess I'd have done it all the time if you'd ast me to."

She took the ring mechanically, her eyes on the ground.

"But I say," he went on, "I'd like mighty well to have you call me Tom once before you go. You haven't said it yet."

She lifted her face. "I'd like to thank you, Tom," she said. "But I don't know how."

At that instant the whistle of the train sounded in the near distance.

"Do it when I come," said Walton. "But now that every one's lookin' the other way, I think I'll kiss you once, anyhow, so's to have somethin' to remember you by."

In another moment they were pushing on with the crowd toward the gate.

"Now you go ahead, Sadie," Walton commanded, "and let Johnnie drop a little behind. You can wait outside the train for him, but you must remember you're only passin' acquaintances, with no resemblance in your names, either. I see it's the old inspector, all right. Speak up bold, Johnnie, and remember you're Tom Walton if he asks you."

He was astonished at his own excitement, for his heart beat hard and fast as the doubtful moment drew near. Johnnie himself, being ill to the point of indifference, felt the tension much less. But he held out the paper Walton had given him, and the inspector checked it off, saying: "Thomas Walton, August 27," while the real owner of the name stopped breathing an instant, as he waited to see if any one called out: "No, that's the wrong man." No one did. Johnnie was through the gate.

Walton now slunk out of the line and waited by the stockade, only a step or two from the gate. The last passenger was now through. Some one was saying: "Why, you not going? You said this was your day out." But he did not heed him. He was watching the windows of the train, as it lingered, puffing, while the camp inspector made his report to the officer on board. Then it moved off, the bell ringing merrily, and a shout of generous farewell going up from those left behind.

At that moment Walton saw a hand thrust from the car window—he was certain that he knew it—and wave a handkerchief toward him. More than that, it dropped the handkerchief to the ground. He darted forward, past the momentarily oblivious guards, and was almost within touch of the rear coach when a shot rang out behind him. The bullet went hissing at one side. Before he could turn to see what had happened he was seized by a guard who asked with an oath what he was about.

"Nothin'," he said calmly. "I just stepped out to pick up that han'kerchief yonder. It belongs to me."

"Bah!" said the guard. "You walk back into camp and make up a better story on the way."

"Why," said Walton, "did you think I was tryin' to make a break for the train? I could ha' gone to-day if I'd wanted to, anyhow; don't you remember I've been here four days? You was up by our tent Monday night when my partner was playin' on the mouth organ."

"Why didn't you go then?"

"My pardner's sick an' I'm goin' to stay to look after him a while."

The other looked incredulous. "Let's see your certificate."

Walton felt in his pocket serenely. "I guess it's up in my tent," he said. "Do you want to come up an' look at it?"

"Naw, it's too hot."

Being presently released from custody inside the stockade, Walton made his way slowly toward his tent, stopping now and again to explain to the curious why he was still in camp.

The boy was still there on his cot, and when Walton came in he sprang up and seized his hand.

"I couldn't believe you hadn't gone," he said, "even though your things are heah. Why did you eveh stay in this hell on earth when your time's up?"

"Oh, it ain't as bad as that," said Walton, gently forcing him to lie down again. "I'm gettin' really attached to the place. What's up, Jack?"

"Everything. They're comin' for me in a little while to take me to the hospital. Will you write to my motheh, Tom, befo' I go?"

"Sure," said Walton. "An' what's more, I'm goin' to saunter over there with you an' hang around to make sure that they treat you right. There's no trains goin' where I want 'em to anyway, so I'm in no hurry."

He seated himself in the tent entrance to write the letter, but paused with only the superscription set down, as his mind drifted into a realization of the decisions he had been making.

"It's queer what a fellow will do when it comes to it," he mused. "I wouldn't have thought it of myself—or nobody else. Sometimes I think there's a lot more cussedness in me than in most folks, an' then again I think there ain't so much."

A step made him turn his head and he saw Tomkins, the night guard of that part of the camp, holding a handkerchief in his hand.

"Bill told me you 'lowed this was yours," he was saying. "He picked it up after you'd gone. It seems to have somethin' in it, so I thought I'd bring it up."

Walton reached for it. "You're trumps," he said. The corner of the handkerchief was twisted into a knot, which he quickly untied. Inside was a ring bearing a blue forget-me-not. He sprang to his feet and seized Tomkins in an irresponsive hug.

"By the Lord, man!" he cried. "She gave it back to me."

Then he returned to his writing. The air was growing cooler, and it seemed to him that the camp was flooded with a new air of peace. Between his sentences—for the act of composition was unusual and fatiguing—he looked up to watch the lengthening shadow of the tree under which they had sat last night, meantime fingering the little ring that had come back to him and smiling often to himself. At length, having finished the letter, he went inside and began to put their things together for moving.

"I say, Jack," he said presently, as he busied himself with the boy's valise, "do you want to do somethin' for me, when we're out of this for good?"

"Anything in the world," said Jack.

"Give me this jewsharp, then, an' learn me to play 'Old Kentucky Home.'"

Even as he spoke the ambulance corps from the hospital appeared outside.